What the War Has Done to Books and Vice Versa . . By Fletcher Pratt

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SHRIDHARANI would like to see democracy open its doors. (See page 7)

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THE VALUES of civilization and human life,—values we are at war to preserve,—rest upon thought, understanding, sympathy and cultural ideals. In the stress of war efforts, those values must suffer but they cannot be ignored. We cannot dispense, either in winning the war or in making the peace, with the world of ideas. This world still reaches us primarily through books and discussion of books. Hence it is even more important now than in normal times that good literary periodicals be read and supported. I know of no such periodical in America more stimulating than *The Saturday Review of Literature.*

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President, University of Rochester

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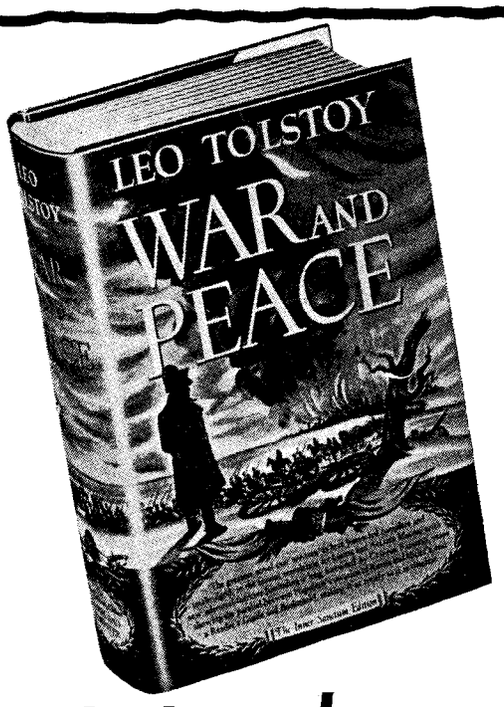

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The Saturday Review of Literature

What the War Has Done to Books and Vice Versa

FLETCHER PRATT

EXCEPT for library purposes, it is always dangerous and somewhat unfair to submit books to the straight-jacketting process of classification. But the literature of and for the war falls into lines of system with tempting ease; and most of it is so straightforward and un-complex in character that no essential injustice is done by noting the stratifications. The moment one does this, however, one encounters the rather astonishing fact that the stratifications are not what they were—that the books read by enough people to hoist them into the best-seller list during the last war belong to groups almost unrepresented today, and that where such a representative does occur, it is usually a box-office dud.

This is most obviously true in the case of the sentimental novel with glory in the background, of which "If Winter Comes," "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," and "A Little French Girl" became best-sellers of massive proportions, with several others not far behind. So far as the present observer knows, World War II has yet to produce a single example of this type of work, and certainly it has produced none with pretensions to popular favor. It is true also of the novel of disillusionment represented by "Le Feu," "Men in War" and "Above the Battle," and though in this country the type is generally held to be a post-war product (on the strength of "Three Soldiers" and "A Farewell to Arms"), it seems reasonable to suggest that the type is really a war product, with the date of its production reflecting a slight time-lag from the opening of the war. The first three were not post-war productions; neither were the poems of Siegfried Sassoon; and all followed the outbreak of the war in the countries where they were written by about the same interval that the Dos Passos and Hemingway books did the involvement of the United States.

But the time-lag has now taken place, at least for the European countries in the war, and there has been no literature of disillusionment. In fact, there has been little fiction of any kind about the war; and what specimens there are, like Knight's "This Above All," Hunt's "East of Farewell," and Arnold's "Commandos," though often sentimentalized, make at least an effort to see things straight down the line. Almost too much of an effort; in both the last two, the story is far less important than its incidental details, they are practically novelized reportage.

There has also been an almost complete absence of explanations from governmental big-shots about how we got into this mess, so fully represented during World War I by books like "My Four Years in Germany" and Lord Fisher's "Memories." Henderson's "Failure of a Mission" and Davies's "Mission to Moscow" represent about the only attempt in this war to attain the popularity of the books by Ambassadors Gerard and Whitlock in the last, and they have fallen a long way short of them in popularity. A comparison of the two literatures shows that the diplomats and cabinet members have almost entirely given place to the reporters as annalists of the times.

PERHAPS this is because the performance of Mr. Hitler has given people a low idea of the reliability of government spokesmen; perhaps it is because the correspondents are professional writers and do a better technical job; perhaps it is merely a hangover into the war period from the pre-war popularity of reporters' books. Whatever the reason the fact is that books by correspondents constitute both in mass and overall popularity,

by far the largest single classification of war books. They can be of almost any character: I-told-you-so's, like Tabouis's "They Called Me Cassandra" and Taylor's "Strategy of Terror" (still an excellent book after two years); estimates of the opposition, like Byas's "Government by Assassination," Randau & Zugsmith's "Setting Sun of Japan," Shirer's "Berlin Diary," Flannery's "Assignment to Berlin," and Smith's "Last Train from Berlin." They can be straight eye-and-ear reporting, like Gallagher's "Action in the East," the forthcoming "Guadalcanal Diary" of Tregaskis, or Johnston's fine "Queen of the Flat-Tops." They can have a quite military character, like Miche's "Retreat to Victory," or pretend to take in everything like Ingersoll's absurd and conceited "Action on All Fronts." They can even have overtones of other types of literature, like White's "Journey for Margaret," and Reynold's "Atlantic Convoy." The basic requirement appears to be that they consist of the narratives of men who have seen with their own eyes how common people all over the world are taking the war, and who can tell about it.

The same eagerness to learn how other ordinary people are taking it, what they are doing, appears to underlie the remarkable change in the character of the personal memoirs of fighting men that have come out of the war. Very possibly this represents a public conviction that this is a war without securities, in which the adjective "total" really means what it says; at all events, World War II has so far been as free of the sentimentalized personal narrative as it has been of sentimentalized fiction. Instead of Empey's "Over the Top," we get a bitterly realistic Lars Moën's "Under the Iron Heel"; for "Private Peat" we have Chambrun's account of how he saw France fall; the student in arms is not Donald Hankey splitting philosophical hairs, but John Hasey splitting the skulls of Italian niggers; and no personal narrative published during the last war had the

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bitter frankness of "They Were Expendable," or the cold frankness of "The Raft," even if the latter is nothing but a hard luck story. They didn't publish hard luck stories during World War I.

Yet the change from that war to this is more clearly reflected in another group of books for which there was no 1914-1918 cognate, the books that in one form or another tell us and our leaders how to win the war. Despite some anxious hours there was no moment when people at large doubted that the worst that could happen would be Wilson's peace without victory. The efforts of the propagandists were concentrated on telling us why we had to fight as we advanced inevitably toward victory. There was no gradually failing defence of Bataan, no defeat in the Java Sea, no moment when a de Seversky or a Kernan could sell thousands of books some of the very best books on the war, such as James B. Reston's "Prelude to Victory" and Herbert Agar's "A Time for Greatness."

But let's not kid ourselves; they are vendors of Chief Scajaqueda's Tonic for Rheumatics and Consumption as surely as the military panacea-promoters, who differ from them only in telling how to fight the war. We can win it only in the air says William B. Ziff ("The Coming Battle of Germany"); we must win it on land, according to S.L.A. Marshall ("Blitzkrieg"; "Armies on Wheels"); or on sea, according to Bernard Brodie ("Layman's Guide to Naval Strategy"). or by a combination of land, sea, and air power, according to Hanson W. Baldwin's "Strategy for Victory," which has many imitators but no superiors in the task of overall analysis of the military position.

Yet when all's said every one of the books mentioned above belongs to the journalism-between-covers of this war, is to its readers as valid a guide as his morning paper (quite all right, indeed, for that day) but no more. Very likely "A Time for Greatness" is the only one that stands much chance of being read for anything but archeological interest when the war is over. But there is a literature of the war that shows some signs of possessing those qualities that will cause it to be read after the war is over.

school, with rather good educations, conscious of a capacity for learning, but also of a boundless ignorance. A good many of those whom the bombs don't get will doubtless settle down to some form of bookkeeping or housekeeping in time and go to reading escape literature; but for the present it's all new, everyone is on the make and pretty eager to find out what's in the oyster.

At least that seems the only explanation of why the few and miserable technical books of the last war should be replaced by the galaxy this one has produced. Of course, it must be repeated that "technical books" is used here in a wide sense; it includes straight history for example. But 1914-1918 produced no such calm and reasoned work as Cant's "War at Sea" or Garnett's "War in the Air," no war literature of any kind to compare with Hersey's "Men on Bataan,"

Books by correspondents constitute by far the largest single classification of war books. Here are four correspondents whose books found a large market (left to right): William L. White ("They Were Expendable"), Genevieve Tabouis ("They Called Me Cassandra"), Quentin Reynolds ("Atlantic Convoy"), and William L. Shirer ("Berlin Diary").

by using the medium to inform the high commands that they were neglecting the one sure route to a victory that seems so dubious soldiers on leave trains can congratulate each other on getting away from "those goddam civilians that talk all the time about our getting licked."

This family of books began well before the war, with Liddell Hart telling us everything was going to be all right in "The Defence of Britain" and Edouard Daladier telling us everything was all wrong "In Defence of France," Anne Lindbergh saying it was no use fighting the Axis ("Wave of the Future") and Douglas Miller that we could do nothing but fight them ("You Can't Do Business with Hitler"). Now as then, not all the nostrums are military. In fact, a whole school offers the solution that we have only to think right, set our own house in order, to be certain of winning; and whether considered on merit of thought content or presentation, these include

The Technical Books

Admittedly, the definition of a "technical book" requires enough expansion at this point to take in everything that will help the citizen (whether carrying a gun or not—total war has wiped out the distinction between "civilian" and "soldier") to adjust himself to the altogether new and rather terrible world into which he has suddenly been pitched. In that world we are all children fresh from

with its structural scheme as elaborate as a Huxley novel, and certainly nothing like the books on civilian defense, tactics, cookery, and every other desired subject for those who want to know how to do their parts.

THEY are being read, too. A survey conducted through the army camps showed that aside from a little of the most fugitive type of recreation reading (comic-strip books, Westerns, and odd confessions—the army is *not* reading detective stories) nearly all the call was for straight technical works, and the fact is confirmed by the agonized howls from the publishing houses this summer over the discovery that fiction has gone to hell.

Of course, the demand does not by itself produce anything but a quantitative supply, but there seems to have been enough effort put into quality to bring that along. Part of this stems directly from the military

(*Continued on page* 21)

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The Shakespearean View of Humanity

SHAKESPEARE AND THE NATURE OF MAN. By Theodore Spencer. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1942. 223 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM A. NEILSON

MORE than forty years ago, Mr. George Santayana in his "Interpretations of Poetry and Religion" published an essay on "The Absence of Religion in Shakespeare." The title of this essay indicates his main contention. Even if Shakespeare himself was not "without metaphysical sagacity," his plays exhibit a world without philosophical significance to the men and women who populate it. "Shakespeare's world," he says, "is only the world of human society. The cosmos eludes him; he does not seem to feel the need of framing that idea. He depicts human life in all its richness and variety, but leaves that life without a setting, and consequently without a meaning." Again, "Shakespeare is remarkable among the greater poets for being without a philosophy and without a religion."

Many students of Shakespeare have been moved to resentment by Santayana's attitude, and some have made attempts at refutation. But I know of none so successful as that in the present volume. The temptation has been to expound one's personal interpretation of the plays and with that confront Santayana's denials. Professor Spencer makes no reference to these, but by a combination of wide knowledge of the intellectual history of the Renaissance and a sympathetic reading of Shakespeare's Histories and Tragedies, he provides a factual and objective reply which should put an end to all such misinterpretation.

The purpose of the present lectures is the presentation of Shakespeare's view of human life through a study of the intellectual background of the sixteenth century, an analysis of his dramatic method, and an examination of the fundamental truths embodied in the plays. The first two lectures deal with the paradox presented by the optimistic view of man inherited from the Middle Ages, the view most eloquently expressed in Hamlet's speech beginning, "What a piece of work is a man!" and the pessimistic view resulting from a recognition of human frailty and misery. The details of these two views in the thought of the time are expounded and documented at considerable length, and Shakespeare's familiarity with them is amply demonstrated. The conflict between them is presented as the basic theme of Shakespearean tragedy. "In the periods," says Mr. Spencer, "when great tragedy has been written, two things seem to have been necessary: first, a conventional pattern of belief and behavior, and second, an acute consciousness of how that conventional pattern can be violated . . . In Shakespeare's day the convention included everything—it was the whole inherited picture of man in the system of the universe, of Nature, and of the state; it was religious, moral, and social; it was a vast inclusive pattern of order. The violation of this order was being felt everywhere at the end of the sixteenth century, and it was a violation which when it occurred in any one part, was felt throughout the whole structure. It was because Shakespeare, as he developed his art, was able to see individual experience in relation to the all-inclusive conflict produced by this violation, that his great tragedies have such wide reverberations and give us so profound a picture of the nature of war." Each clause of these pregnant sentences is expounded and developed by Mr. Spencer, and the passage as a whole may fairly be regarded as a summary of his main argument.

Valuable and important as is the exposition of Renaissance thought, most readers will probably turn with greater eagerness to the illustration of the thesis by the examination of individual plays and characters. This is conducted with sympathy and insight, and is, as it should be, not infrequently highly provocative. It is a pleasure to encounter a book of genuine scholarship with a rich cultural background, written in a style of admirable precision and at times of eloquence. I believe it will prove a lasting contribution to the interpretation and enjoyment of Shakespeare.

The Consistency of Wordsworth

THE ONE WORDSWORTH. By Mary E. Burton. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1942. 227 *pp. and index.* $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE MCLEAN HARPER

THIS is the second recently published book that shows what a mine for exploring the secrets of human experience, of genius, and of partial composition we have in "The Prelude, or Growth of a Poetic Mind." It is a proof of the permanent interest of Wordsworth's great poem that Professor Havens's valuable work, "The Mind of a Poet," a profound and thorough study, should have stimulated rather than dulled the zeal for delving in these depths; for though the expressed purpose of Professor Burton's book is to combat the generally held opinion that the contrast between Wordsworth young and Wordsworth old was extreme, she has devoted most of her pages to a very thorough study of the differences between "The Prelude" as originally composed in 1805-6 and the same poem as printed in 1850. It seems to be taken for granted that the revision was made entirely between 1832 and 1839; but it is far more likely that the poet's brain, if not his pen, had been engaged upon the task at intervals throughout the preceding twenty-seven years.

Professor Burton endeavors to refute the opinion that there were "two Wordsworths," the ardent, republican, free-thinking man less than thirty-eight years old and the conservative, orthodox man who survived to the end of a long life. It must be admitted that if the argument were based entirely upon the poet's revision of "The Prelude," her decision would be conclusive, for the changes in the text are chiefly technical and made for the sake of artistic improvement. But there are many other kinds of testimony—his public actions, his recorded conversations, his letters, the statements of persons who knew him, and the subjects and style of the poems he wrote in the second half of his life. Of course it was natural and almost inevitable that some of the enthusiasm of youth and early manhood should cool and some bold opinions change to more cautious views; but in Wordsworth's case there was a distinct loss of certain qualities which give to his early poetry its peculiar significance and power, a loss not due entirely or chiefly to age. Nevertheless, Professor Burton is right in rebuking those critics who have exaggerated the extent of the change and attributed it to unworthy motives, such as desire for personal comfort and reputation. Though she does not disprove that there were "two Wordsworths," she demonstrates that the alterations of "The Prelude" furnish little support for that view. Her careful and minute comparison of the two texts is an admirable performance. A study of her chapters dealing with these rhetorical and metrical alterations would be profitable to students of composition.

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In the Shadow of Tomorrow

WARNING TO THE WEST. By Shridharani. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1942. 274 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NORMAN COUSINS

THEY tell the story of an old colored man, who had just moved into a new town and applied for membership at a white church. The pastor was visibly embarrassed and soon the old Negro became aware that he wasn't wanted. There was an awkward silence; the Negro tried to save the moment by saying that he would go home, sleep on the question, and perhaps the Lord would tell him what to do. Several days later he met the pastor in town. "Well," said the minister, "did the Lord give you any advice?" "He sure did," was the reply. "He said, 'George, you ain't got a chance. Ah been tryin' to get into that Church myself for ten years!' "

I thought of that story any number of times as I read Shridharani's "Warning to the West," except that the somewhat comparable picture he draws is no laughing matter. Democracy in the Western world, he says in effect, is a Church—an exclusive Church full of lip service to its professed ideals but blind to its inconsistencies, to its paradoxes, to its hypocricies. It is blind, most seriously, to its responsibilities and to the very purpose of the democratic faith. Millions of people all over the world would like to join our Church, but it seems that the doors get stuck as soon as they show their faces. The actual fibre, the very lifeblood of democracy, is universality and a lack of exclusiveness. Yet in practice by the West it is full of qualifiers, modifiers, and minus signs—full of strings that are pulled with little hesitation or compunction.

Don't look now, but Shridharani means you. He isn't talking about misty abstractions, but about everyone who prides himself on his belief in and allegiance to democratic ideals. He isn't criticizing democracy, because that is what he is fighting for; he is criticizing us for keeping democracy to ourselves. Not to put too fine a point upon it, Shridharani looks back upon our record in our dealings with the peoples of the East and draws a stinging indictment not only of our political and economic policies, but, what is worse, of our dominant public psychology and attitude towards the peoples of other races. It doesn't make pleasant listening, and you may not be able to take it, in which case you had better not read this book. But if we've enough sand to sit still while we hear an honest but cutting bill of particulars against us, we will want to hear Shridharani out, especially as he may tell us how we can transform our liabilities into assets. This, in brief, is the core of his argument:

This is a war of free peoples against the doctrine that might makes right. Within that struggle there are seeds of democratic hope such as the world has never before seen. But even as the war is being fought, there is danger that those seeds may be left to decay or may be killed. They will be killed for certain if the Axis wins, but there is also the danger that even if democracy wins, they may be ignored or abused. Even in the act of winning this war, the democracies may forget that they have created a new and different kind of world in which the feeling for freedom will be more universal than ever before in history; they may forget that the countless millions of people of varying colors who fought under the banner of democracy in this war may actually believe that if the idea is worth dying for it is worth living for. These are the millions who helped make the survival of our own democracy possible, but they are also the millions to whom democracy was an almost impossible ideal in the past, because the democracies themselves relegated to these peoples a subservient role since they, the democracies, had the power to do so.

If this sounds harsh, look at the record. Forget India for the moment (it is too easy to become involved in side issues on that subject), and reflect a moment upon our treatment of and attitudes towards the Chinese. Our record in China, particularly in the years before Pearl Harbor, is hardly of the type to inspire the Chinese people with a thorough-going admiration for our conception of the mission of American democracy abroad. The white man has immunized himself from Chinese justice under the spacious doctrine of separate law courts for Europeans and Americans, and, adds Shridharani, we have forced down China's throat the humiliation of extra-territoriality.

Popular attitudes in America about the Chinese have been vastly improved as the result of the war, but it wasn't so long ago that we made little effort to hide our condescension or superior pose. Nor was it very long ago that the common screen type of Chinese was either a sinister, droopy-moustached villain, or a blundering laundryman. "The Russian proverb," says Shridharani, "that there are only two kinds of Chinese—those who give bribes and those who take them—had become an accepted part of American folk-knowledge."

How does this affect the war today and the prospects of peace tomorrow? Just this: we need a revolution in our thinking and in our attitude towards the peoples of the East no less than we do in our commercial and state policies. There is a "psychological price" that the Saxon will have to pay: "With all his civilized values, he will have to go on in the role of a military tyrant and be the most maladjusted human in the world—on the one hand. On the other, he can go through a psychological revolution which would release him from his self-created shell and enable him to be happy as an equal among equal men." If we are unable to pay that particular price, we may have to pay a greater one. That higher price may be measured in terms of an even more costly struggle than is now being fought.

Make no mistake about the danger of such a struggle, says Shridharani. Even today there is the ominous threat that the present conflict may grow into an inter-continental war between East and West. Already there are forces at work seeking to bring this realignment about. The Nazis, he says, would like nothing better; now that the tide of war is going against them, they will do everything they can to save their own necks by bargaining the other nations of the West into a deal whereby the entire white world would turn against the colored peoples of the East in a holy war. Even the Japanese might welcome such a shift since it would automatically throw into their camp the majority of the peoples of the world and would dramatize the one issue they have been trying to sell to the peoples of the East for more than a decade: fight for freedom against the West.

Americans will play into the hands of those who seek such a realignment, says Shridharani, unless they understand the real meaning of the term "human family" and recognize the fundamental equality of the human species wherever it may be found. There should be only one race as far as we are concerned: the race of the living. "It will have to be freedom for all or freedom for none in this global

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war and in the coming global order." Putting it another way, the size of our democracy will be measured by our ability to extend it to others.

This is Shridharani's warning to the West. But it is a warning, not a threat. As Buddha is quoted: "Only a friend warns; the enemy strikes."

Many damning things are going to be said about this book. It will be said that it can only have the purpose of embarrassing the United Nations at a time when they have all they can do to concentrate on the job at hand. It will be said that it is Indian propaganda against Great Britain. It will be said that it seeks to instigate and confuse rather than to enlighten. Don't believe it. Shridharani's honesty, his sincere and constructive purpose in writing this book, cannot be questioned. He tells us something about the problems we shall have to face sooner or later. Far from being obstructive or harmful, "Warning to the West" can be valuable ammunition for the cause of the United Nations. Speaking of the United Nations, it might be instructive to look over the list of the member nations again. There happen to be more than two. At the last count, there were thirty-three.

They Made Good Copy

POST BIOGRAPHIES OF FAMOUS JOURNALISTS. Edited by John E. Drewry. Georgia: University of Georgia Press. 1942. 518 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

WHEN John E. Drewry, dean of journalism at the University of Georgia, decided to put articles on twenty-two well-known American journalists, which had appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post,* together in this book, he wrote about his plan to Tom Wallace, author of the article about Henry Watterson. Wallace agreed to the inclusion of his sketch but added that he suspected that Henry Watterson would have regarded his inclusion in the company of journalists here collected as "a deliberately unfriendly act."

It is a strange company. If it includes all the Journalists the *Post* has considered worthy of articles within a period roughly extending from Hermann Deutsch's tender essay on Dorothy Dix which appeared in July, 1937 to Stanley Walker's lively post mortem on Arthur Brisbane which was included in the issue of February 28, 1942, it depicts a strange journalism, too. The only autobiographical enterprise in the book, Don Marquis on Don Marquis, predates the period of the other articles by nearly nine years, having appeared in December, 1928. It is also the best writing in the book and somehow succeeds in making the journalism of the lamented twenties seem good and sound, if also a little sad, beside the successful money making and money spending of the journalistic ladies and gentlemen presented by the *Post* in the late thirties. To hear Marquis a reader might imagine there had been as much glory in young newspaper gatherings in Lipton's old bar at Nassau Street and Park Row as there is in the fact that Edgar A. Guest makes $100,000 a year writing poems for the press, that Walter Winchell has received $333.33 a minute for talking on the radio, and that Westbrook Pegler at the time of this reporting was getting only $60,000 a year for his columns of complaint.

Indeed, the one thread which binds all these magazine biographies together is that all these journalists became rich and successful—or at least rich. Maybe Ed Howe, who died four years before his son's description of his unhappiness appeared, is something of an exception. Marshall Field III and Eleanor Patterson took their money into the newspaper business. Nevertheless, the one central lesson about journalism, presented here to Professor Drewry's students, seems to be that you can make a hell of a lot of money out of it.

Not every reporter, of course, can hope to have Mr. Hearst's San Simeon ranch. Presumably not every reporter is as much interested in accumulating cash as Stanley Walker reports Arthur Brisbane to have been. Incidentally, these articles are written by the boys who, without possessing San Simeons,

Don Marquis shows a few tricks to the ladies and gentlemen of the thirties.

are still writing the prose that pays. Walker's description of his first interview with Brisbane, in which Brisbane lured him from the *Herald-Tribune* to the *Graphic* with something besides hay, has a hollow sound when Walker slips into an awkward reticence with regard to his own personal interest in the jack in journalism there discussed. Walker and Jack Alexander, J. P. McEvoy, Alva Johnson, and J. Bryan III, and all the other fourteen *Post* writers may differ in their attitude and their approach to their subjects in other particulars, but all as biographers are careful to come as close as possible to the exact facts about the incomes of their journalists.

It would be a mistake, however, to suggest that these articles are of the school of success articles written in steady adulation of the well-heeled. I am sure that some of the magnificoes snorted at the stories about them. McEvoy makes lively fun of Winchell even if he is as gentle as an Eddie Guest poem with Eddie Guest. Marshall Field III and Col. Robert R. McCormick could probably agree on not completely endorsing Jack Alexander's studies of themselves. Professor Drewry's young journalists might learn much from the careful manner in which skilled magazine writers have worked in understanding of the libel laws. None of them have undertaken definitive evaluations of their subjects, unless it be Gene Howe in his frank report on his father. But all of them have succeeded in being both informative and entertaining.

The perhaps unintended result is a survey of modern journalism by some of its ablest practitioners. It is not a solemn picture. Some may regard it as a disturbing one, if as Mr. Drewry suggests, the ladies and gentlemen considered are the custodians of that "keystone of the arch which supports all of our liberties." The one certain thing the book proves is that the journalists who are the editors of the *Saturday Evening Post* know a good nickle's worth (a dime now) of biography when they see it. There may be no works of art here included; there are also no works of dullness. Indeed, our journalists as presented by our journalists are as lively material for our reading as our politicians or our prize fighters—as even our gangsters ever were. The world in which they worked might be moving from depression to war but those who shaped our copy made good copy themselves.

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The Waters of the Windy City

THE CHICAGO. By Harry Hansen. Rivers of America Series. Illustrated by Harry Timmins. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1942. 362 *pp.* $2.50.

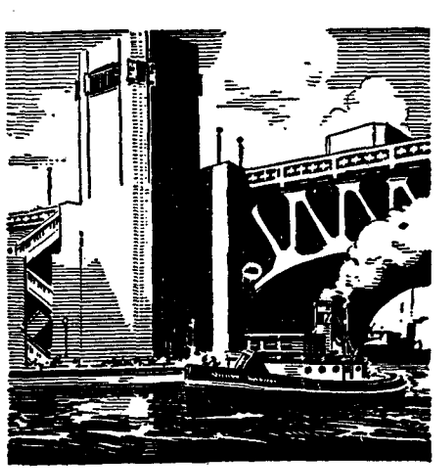
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

A RIVER has none of the systematic quality which marks a road, a canal, or a highway. It wanders at its own errant will, it sends off branches into every upland, it mirrors every cloud, bird, or tossing tree-limb above it; it is haphazard, unpredictable, rich in a multiplicity of interests, and poetically alluring. That is true even of the Chicago, with its sister-streams the Desplaines and Kankakee. Quite correctly, the Rivers of America Series was planned by Constance Lindsay Skinner as a venture in impressionistic history. Pleasantly vagrant, shimmeringly allusive, here swift in narrative and there placidly reflective, the best of the volumes do not so much survey an area or a period as drain its higher points, encircle its headlands, and furnish a path through its most picturesque valleys. But it requires no mean talent to write impressionistic history well. The series has been notably uneven. Mr. Hansen was assigned one of the more difficult themes; and it is gratifying to report that his is one of the superior volumes.

The Chicago, river-of-the-wild-onion-place, was commonplace enough when Joliet and Marquette visited it some 270 years ago, and even when the United States Government planted Fort Dearborn on its banks in 1804. But the seal of destiny was upon it. Today it ought really to be called the Chicago-Desplaines River; for since the engineers completed their sanitary and ship canal, the Chicago, which normally flowed into Lake Michigan and the Atlantic, and the Desplaines, which normally flowed into the Illinois and down to the Gulf, are one. Now the turning of a stopcock can decide which direction the flow moves. Sometimes the Chicago, with its fifty bridges, its numerous tunnels, its sewage, debris, elevators, and freighters, does not flow at all. It is easy for thoughtless people to be contemptuous of the stream. "What is it but a creek which doesn't know which way to go?" one of Mr. Hansen's friends asked him. Yet actually the river, dominating a portage trade that the railroads and lake shipping turned into an imperial flow of commerce, has made more history than many an artery that flows a thousand miles. If not a mighty river, it has created a mighty city.

In Chicago, wrote Frank Lloyd Wright years ago, "the gray, soiled river with its mist of steam and smoke was the only beauty." He added: "That smelled to heaven." Mr. Hansen depicts both the beauty and the ugliness, the river's sturdy ministration to the graces of America and its prostitution to sordid ends. His historical chapters are lightly but accurately done. The French missionaries and traders, the British under General Simcoe, the first American garrison under Captain John Whistler (grandfather of the artist), the city's pioneer boss John Kinzie, the Black Hawk War, the Illinois and Michigan Canal that linked the lakes and the Gulf, the feverish political rivalry of Lincoln and Douglas, are all deftly painted into the background. But Mr. Hansen's heart is with the modern city, the giant that sprang up around the North Branch and the South Branch in the years after Cyrus H. McCormick placed his reaper factory on the former, and the Stock Yards were planted near the latter. Industry made the city great, unfettered energy and a wild mixture of races, creeds, and ambitions made it interesting, and in due time it gave America a new architecture, its first great lesson in city-planning, a crowd of eager poets, novelists, and artists, and two noble universities.

Without trying to compress a history of modern Chicago into his 350 pages, Mr. Hansen has poured some illuminating shafts of light into the past of his river valley. He gives us the good and the bad, his illusions, incidents, and analyses building up a final impression of boundless vitality, undisciplined but hopeful. Some marked deficiencies appear. The great business leaders, Pullman, Swift, Armour, McCormick, Marshall Field, Joseph Leiter, are too jauntily and brusquely dismissed. After all, they and their like were (and such men still are) the very heart of Chicago. Not enough information is furnished upon the weird politics of the city, and Hinky Dink, Bath-house John, Carter Harrison, and Anton Cermak are but briefly mentioned, not at all explained. (Al Capone does not find his way into the index.) But we have the most thrilling of the valley's adventures—the great fire of 1871, the Iroquois and *Eastland* disasters, the first World's Fair—crisply but effectively portrayed. Little known dramas of city life are rescued from obscurity; for example, the inspiring story of the Christmas Tree Ship, and the plucky enterprise of the widow, Mrs. Schuenemann, who ran it after her husband and sons had perished in a storm. Little humors of Chicago's past are included; the raffling-off of Crosby's Chicago Opera House in 1867 is one of the best. Nor are the notable crimes of the city forgotten. It is well to have preserved here the story of Adolph Luetguert, who turned his wife into sausage and so caused sausage-consumption in all America to decline for months.



—Drawing by Timmins, from the book.

Mr. Hansen, however, is happiest in dealing with the cultural achievements that have made the valley of the Chicago known round the world. We miss a few figures, like that great preacher Frank Gunsaulus, and a few books of purely Chicago flavor, like George Ade's "Artie." But the author does full justice to the distinguished architects, Burnham, Root, Sullivan, Adler, and Frank Lloyd Wright. He tells how and to some extent why Chicago in the days of Eugene Field and Hamlin Garland, H. B. Fuller and Theodore Dreiser, Edgar Lee Masters and Carl Sandburg, gave the nation more than its quota of story and song. He does not forget the varied claims to remembrance of the Auditorium, now marked for destruction; its place in architectural history, its grand opera when Mary Garden was at the height of her fame, its theatre of lectures. Altogether, the book does well, as a piece of impressionistic history, by a river and a city that are practically synonymous. Perhaps a reading of its best passages will awaken many Chicagoans to a keener jealousy of their civic fame. Alas, that a community of so many great traditions and such a hopeful outlook should so long have been represented before the world by a journal so ignoble as the Chicago *Tribune!*

Longmans Green and Co. announces the bestowal of the first annual Downey Award for 1941 on Covelle Newcomb for her book, "The Red Hat." This is a biographical treatment of Cardinal Newman for younger readers which is considered by the Committee of the Award "the finest American children's book of 1941 written in the Catholic tradition."

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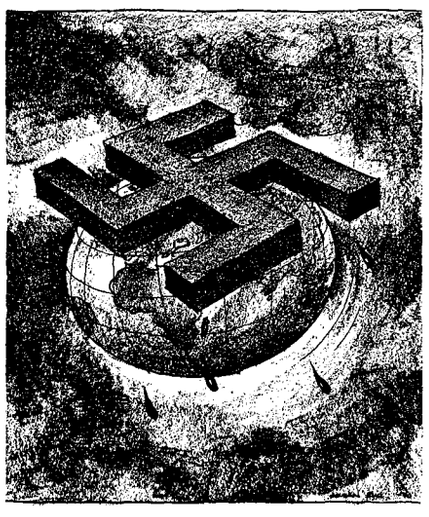
Guide to Geopolitics

GENERALS AND GEOGRAPHERS: The Twilight of Geopolitics. By Hans W. Weigert. New York: Oxford University Press. 1942. 273 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by S. VAN VALKENBURG

I approached this book somewhat reluctantly; first of all, I did not like the title, for which the publishers are probably responsible, and second, I expected just another book on geopolitics. I liked Strausz Hupé's book on this topic and was afraid to find a mere repetition. Well, I was wrong. The book fascinated me so that I finished it without stopping and even after a period of several days I cannot put out of my mind the importance of its message.

The book starts rather slowly. It gives the answer to the question, "What is geopolitics?" and discusses the pioneers in the field—Ratzel, Spengler, Mackinder, Kjellen, and others. I wonder if the author does not overestimate the importance of Spengler on the development of geopolitics, although Spengler undoubtedly controlled Germany's post-war trend of thought. I feel also that the importance of Mackinder is rather limited in scope except for the fact that Haushofer discovered him and used him as the inventor of the "Heartland" hypothesis. This hypothesis, which puts the world's pivot area—as natural seat of power—in Eastern Russia and Central Siberia, extending southward through Mongolia and Turkestan into Persia is, in my opinion, no longer acceptable in its original form. It played its part in history as the radiating center for the great invasions of the Huns, of Genghis Kahn, and Kublai Khan, and many others. However, in modern warfare these grasslands and semi-deserts lack the power of industrialization and of numbers. War is no longer a fight of splendid warriors on horseback, it is a war of tanks and planes and huge populations which produce and run them. Although Mackinder's "Heartland" lacks the resources, it still has two great assets—central location and tremendous size, but the two great factors of offensive warfare are missing.



—From "He Who Laughs, Lasts."
The Vanishing Illusion

The story of Hans W. Weigert reaches its climax with the evaluation of Karl Haushofer, the man who made the name," geopolitics," one which reached the far corners of the world. Weigert is not interested in the detailed work done under Haushofer's direction, the preparation and apology for political theft, as Dr. Bowman expressed it recently. Weigert's story is that of the tragedy of a man who wanted to guide Hitler to world conquest and who was disregarded at the critical moment. It reminded me of that famous drawing in *Punch* which showed Emperor William in a captain's uniform leaning over the railing of the ship of state, while the pilot, Bismarck, went down the gangway. Underneath was a title, "Dropping the Pilot." Similarly, Hitler's personal likes and dislikes were stronger than Haushofer's cold logic. Like Bismarck, Haushofer wanted an alliance with Russia, not only to protect the eastern flank in case of war but because he believed in the power of Mackinder's "Heartland." For a while (August, 1939) Haushofer seemed to have won, but soon afterwards Hitler went back to his personal sentiments and turned against Russia. At that moment Haushofer may have known that unavoidable defeat had to follow. In the Far East Haushofer's dreams also did not materialize. After a stay of several years as military observer in Japan, he, before almost anyone else, realized the latent power of Japan and visualized the Japanese conquest of Eastern Asia. But again he warned against a break with China, which, similar to Russia, is almost impregnable in its size and man resources. Japan and China together would have been invincible, but Japan went along the road of conquest alone, trying to control China by military force. Here again Haushofer saw the inevitable outcome but he could not change the course of events. That is the tragedy of a man who saw clearly and logically how the Axis could win but who was repudiated and left as servant instead of adviser.

Interesting also is the chapter on "America." Here Haushofer, under the influence of his pupil, Colin Ross, did not recognize reality. Ross saw America as tired and old, a country of pacifists and isolationists and in the "Zeitschrift für Geopolitik" this attitude prevails—America as a satellite along the outer rim of the political world. Perhaps the fact that Hitler consequently disregarded the United States as a factor in the outcome of the war will prove a very costly mistake. In some way German leaders always seem to make mistakes the moment they are on their way to victory. In the First World War it was what the French used to call "le mystère de la Marne," and now it was Hitler's misinterpretation of Britain's courage, Hitler's feelings of wrath against Russia, and Hitler's disregard of American vitality.

Hans W. Weigert tells the story of a man who wanted to guide Hitler to world conquest.

In the last chapter of the book the author summarizes and gives his own conclusions. He turns against geopolitics as a science without soul, without human interest. He warns against American representatives who pop up during wartime. He draws hope, however, from statements by Allied leaders, promising another type of world which is to come when the war is over—a world based on human rights.

Meanwhile the enemy is still far from defeated. This book, "Generals and Geographers" serves another purpose. Quoting the title of another recent book, one might say "This is the Enemy" and we should study him carefully. Therefore the value of the book is not only that of a mere analysis but a guide to victory. Only by knowing our opponents well will we be able to bring about more quickly the unavoidable outcome—that of their defeat. May many read this book. It deserves wide attention.

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Hall's Mental Perambulations

UNDER A THATCHED ROOF. By James Norman Hall. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1942. 228 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

THE title of this book is completely misleading, happily. The cover shows an alluring Pacific Island in those happier days when a Pacific Island was the dream of all escapists. One was prepared for a somnolent acount of a lazy life encompassed by a minimum of income and clothing. In the land of Dorothy Lamour it is always sarong time, and Mr. Hall, who has so successfully collaborated in writing vigorous romances, hair-raising tales of mutinies and shipwrecks, gives us a shock. The cannibal pot-boiler is a man of a delicate and exploring literary taste.

This book consists of twenty essays, reportings from a varied life in many parts of the world by one who is as philosophical as he is adventurous. He likes the gentle garden of the essayist, a form of mental perambulation which has gone out of fashion, alas. Two things he vigorously defends. The absolute right of a man to do nothing at all, and to do it successfully, and the right to scribble, that is, to let the mind meander with pen and ink. It is obvious that Mr. Hall is not as successful as he thinks in doing nothing at all. How came he to write these essays with the thermometer so high and his vitality so low? His mind has a catholic interest in places and books. His enthusiasms are not to be challenged. One of his gods is Joseph Conrad, one of his dislikes is Charles Lamb, and in this I hail a kindred spirit. The best essay in this varied collection deals with trains, trains that run through prairie towns in the dead of night, whose whistles evoke such wonder in the heart of a boy, and whose railroad stations were the portals of romance.

> A Mid-Western boy of the eighties or nineties knew by sight, if not by name, the members of all the train crews, freight and passenger, that passed through his town, and his most far-reaching ambition was to become the engineer of a passenger train. But this was a progressive ambition, and in early boyhood it did not reach so high. In my own case the newsboy of the local eastbound passenger train that passed through Prairie Hills at eleven in the morning was the first object of envy.

He raises a small dissenting voice against the worship of modernity. It were better for man that the automobile had never been invented, "our peaceful valleys and meadows are now littered with towns and the refuse of towns." What makes men think they are on the right road because they can go everywhere faster, and find nowhere worth resting in? "Perhaps looking down the long road man has travelled has ruined my eyes for looking forward along the road he may yet go," observes Mr. Hall. Yet, should he be charged with escapism there are few men who have a better answer. A warrior in the last war and a prisoner in a German concentration camp, the call of the bugle has sent him again from his Pacific elysium to the African desert.

There are no tales of Tahiti in this charming book. It is the product of a man who has given himself time to think, and who has maintained an independent mind, the stuff of which Thoreaus were made. There is a parable here for those who want to clean up other men's lives. He had a friend, Mr. Knight, who lived in complete disorder, and in missionary zeal he gave his house a Spring cleaning. Within an hour Mr. Hall had his lesson. "The tin-opener, all messy with grease, was lying on the piece of Chinese tapestry that had been so carefully washed in gasoline. A few deft touches of this sort, and the table, at least, had begun to look Knight-like once more. But only time, wasps, lizards, spiders, and his own unconscious care can make his house 'home' again."

—*SRL drawing by Stonehill*

James Norman Hall is something more than a cannibal pot-boiler.

This is the book of a true idler who holds up the umbrella of lazy content against the downpour of the industries.

Minority Report on Hemingway

MEN AT WAR: THE BEST WAR STORIES OF ALL TIME. Edited with an Introduction by Ernest Hemingway. Based on a plan by William Kozlenk. New York: Crown Publishers. 1942. 1,072 *pp., plus* xxxi. $3.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

I REGRETFULLY turn in a minority report.

The Hemingway who wrote greatly in "For Whom the Bell Tolls" writes the preface to this collection with an air of self-righteousness that is most intolerable and not to be borne. The general tone of the wandering introduction is that almost everybody else is wrong about war, and that only now has the Great Interpreter collected the few immortal narratives, real and imaginary, that tell you what war is really like. But as soon as we open to the first page of the introduction and read the sentence: "This book will not tell you how to die," we know that we are back at the old stand, and that what we have is a collection of pieces to satisfy Mr. Hemingway's curious obsession with death.

Having said so much, I cheerfully admit there are some gripping narratives in the book. But I affirm also that the interest of the collection is factitious. Not all the fine phrases from the College of Mars which introduce the various sections (how Mr. Hemingway would once have hooted at a platitude like: "War demands resolution, firmness, and staunchness!") conceal the truth that a collection running from Sir Thomas Malory's "The Last Battle of King Arthur" to Walter B. Clausen's Associated Press dispatch about Midway, and from Virgil ("War is the Province of Chance!") to Charlotte M. Yonge's Victorian version of the fight at Thermopylae ("War is the Province of Danger, and therefore Courage above All Things is the First Quality of a Warrior!") is not fused, but assembled, not collected on a coherent basis, but put together from hither and yon. And lest it be said that a "literary" test is insufficient as a test of good war narratives, let me explain that by a "coherent basis" I mean something that might even remotely resemble Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World." No, the anthology is a hodgepodge; and once its immediate appeal has faded, it will be seen to be such. And I think Mr. Hemingway is too important an artist to permit himself to "author" (the book deserves the word) so shapeless a collection.

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RAOUL DE ROUSSY DE SALES
1896-1942

December 6, 1942
(By Cable to SRL)

LONDON: It is hard to accept the death of Raoul de Roussy de Sales. It will not seem natural to return to New York and not be able to drop up to his apartment of an afternoon to find his slender gaunt figure stretched at ease on a couch, his face lit up with a warm wry smile and his eyes snapping as he regaled you with a salty running commentary on the latest news published or unpublished. He will always remain to me one of the really great persons I have known. Had the times and his health permitted there is no public position which he could not have occupied with grace and distinction.

Although he had American as well as French blood in his veins and a detached international point of view granted to few of us, his essential quality could be nothing but French, and French in the great liberal tradition. Only in that tradition could there be found that blend of ironic wit, clarity of vision and of expression, wide information, and charm of manner which combined to make up this Gallic wisdom which was Raoul.

At a time when both his own distracted France and we ourselves are so much in need of all the wise men we can muster and shall be increasingly so in the days to follow the cessation of fighting, it is particularly tragic to lose a man who knew and loved both countries so well. Something of himself he has left behind him in one fine book, a little in the scattered charming essays which appeared too infrequently in American magazines. Perhaps we should consider ourselves fortunate to have so much, however inadequately they express the man's personality or his contribution to the community of which he was so vivid a part. For many years, indeed for most of his life, he had to fight unceasingly against chronic illness. It was constantly the marvel of his friends that he was able to muster the energy for doing all the things he did do, but they got done nonetheless and usually with an outward gaiety which completely belied the effort of will which they required. Often I am afraid they were accomplished with complete disregard for the strain which they put on his frail body. Somehow underneath it all there was a toughness of fibre both mental and physical which held the forces of disease in check even if it could not conquer them.

The public—both American and French—know Raoul de Roussy de Sales primarily as a newspaper correspondent and as a writer. In both fields he was distinguished. No one could have done more with the limited space at his disposal in conveying to France in pre-war days through the columns of *Paris Soir* and through Havas dispatches the essence of American opinion. Completely bilingual and with an English style matching his French, he was equally adept in interpreting France and the European world to America. What the general public could not well know was that much of his effective work of interpretation was done privately and informally. An enormous number of influential people, both French and American, sought out Raoul regularly for information and advice, and he gave of both unsparingly. They were people of all kinds—journalists, politicians, diplomats—people in all walks of life and of all shades of opinion. They came and they got information, and, what is far rarer, wisdom couched in clear and often brilliant phrase, touched with wit and humor and occasionally devastating irony.

There is no doubt that the French disaster hastened Raoul's death. If he was careless of his health before, he became more careless after. To anyone knowing him and how much he cared, this is not surprising. Up to the end he gave what advice and help he could to the Free French. The United France of the future will miss him.

CURTICE HITCHCOCK.

In Time of War

By Ben Ray Redman

IT is a terrible thing to be old in time of war:
Sitting by the door, to watch the young men go down the street,
See them look at the inn as they pass, when all you can do
Is to raise your glass, shuffle your feet, and wave your hand,
Wondering if they themselves understand what the smile means
That glows on their faces. Thinking, perhaps, that some do—
But only a few. While the one who knows beyond doubt
Sits and spaces his mild drinks in the sun, wiping his beard,
And envies the smile for all that the smile is saying.
He could shout its meaning aloud to the tune that's playing;
To any old tune, to a friend, to a crowd. He knows.

Says the smile, as it glows: "I'm going away,
And I may not come back, ever, to see this place again:
These faces again: that hill-side track: these sun-baked houses,
That glisten in rain: the pond, the square, the school over there:
The broad fields round about, the church, and my father's hogs:
The logs swinging down the river in spring, jamming sometimes
At the bend: and so much besides, so much dearer,
Dear beyond showing. But if, in the end, I do not come back
To see again, live again, all this that is here will be
Here as I leave it now, still—and because of my going."

In peace-time they would listen to your stories of old wars,
But in war-time there is never time for any war but one.
Sitting in the sun, it is easy to feel strong and young.
It is when it suddenly turns cold, and you try to stand,
That you know just how old you are, with your stories told.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Too Political?

SIR:—Four months ago I very rashly wrote to you, expressing my distaste with the *Saturday Review* for upsetting the literary cart by giving way to special issues related to war problems. At the time I thought that a magazine devoted to literature must give up all its pages to high-blown literary criticism and book reviews of imaginative nature rather than cold logical reviews of books dealing with the war.

The *SRL* wrote back, saying that "unless literature relates itself to events and the ideas of the times, it will never hold its own in an activist world."

Now—four months later—I am in the Army, stationed at the Sioux Falls Air Base in South Dakota, where I am taking an extensive course in radio operating and radio fundamentals. The world of literature I once knew is behind me, except for an occasional article I write for home consumption about life in the Army. Because I have watched with intense interest the reaction of soldiers to literature and its relation to life, I find that I have a few interesting things to say about literature as it is connected with the war effort and with the soldier who is fighting this war.

I have with me Hemingway's "Fifth Column and Forty-Nine Stories," which, I understand, will soon be issued as a Modern Library Giant. A few of my friends read some of his stories. Their reaction surprised me. "These stories are disappointing," they all said. "There's no faith in them. What the hell are his soldiers fighting for?"

I handed them Dos Passos and e. e. cummings and William March. I had enough optimism to believe that I would be able to read here. The reaction was the same all along the line. The old-time war stories did not go over. The frustration of the characters, the drinking bouts, and the cynicism of the Dos Passos men; the cold intellectuality of cummings's book on the war; the harshness, artistically pointed, of March's short stories—these made no headway with the soldiers here. They are looking for reasons to fight, reasons given to them by artists, because within them they know damn well that they have cause to fight. There is a vast possibility now for this war to develop a new literature, a literature which sings with faith, one that gives cause for death, for we know that death is a possibility just as we know that horror is a result of a losing war. Give us books that will tell of our struggle and of our faith and we will be thankful.

There is another thing: soldiers want facts. It is here that I erred. As a civilian I had little patience with the *Saturday Review* for giving up "literature." As a soldier I have no patience with anyone who does not think entirely of the war and the winning of it.

As for myself, as I continue to study and as I absorb the Army life, I see that there is a storehouse of material here for great literature. I am too raw and too green to exploit that vein. Besides, I am here to help win a war, not to write great art. But with the persistence of a bad dream I insist to myself that certain things I shall not forget and that these things will some day form part of a book I will write.

There is the sudden awakening to a New Yorker—that New York is more of an alien island in the United States than part of it. There is the memory of friendly people in Sioux Falls, all of whom do what they can for each soldier. There is the finding out that the life people lead in small cities and towns is the life we are defending. The sometimes bitter memory of a soldier on leave in a friendly but strange town is worth a few chapters in that book. The soldier who went to town all alone and found no friends and went to no bars and picked up no girls because he was looking about and searching his own soul and asking himself, "Am I really in uniform? Am I really a soldier after all?"—he too is worth a story. The soldier who was dragged to a dance and refused to get on the floor because he didn't know how to dance and did not want to "disgrace" the American uniform—he too is in my mind.

And so—let me apologize for condemning you for remaining alive to the vital events of the day. And if this confession will in any way arouse some of the pseudo-intellectuals who believe now as I used to in my insular home in New York—do print it. It will help them and it will certainly make me feel good over the idea that I helped prick some smug souls.

PVT. HAROLD U. RIBALOW.
Sioux Falls Air Base
South Dakota.

"I sleep like a log now, Doctor, but I keep dreaming of sheep jumping over me!"

"Open Letter to Clifton Fadiman"

SIR:—Norman Cousins in his "Open Letter to Clifton Fadiman" brands himself as yet another of those wishful thinkers who ask for a middle way between love and hate in our feelings toward the Nazis. Even after all their corroborated atrocities. What we need in this country are more good haters. Like Mr. Fadiman.

PAULINE LEADER.
Bennington, Vt.

SIR:—In reply to Miss Leader, may I quote from a previous article I have written on the subject for *SRL*:

> There are certain hates we need and should be proud to have. The hate of injustice and cruelty and persecution. The hate of those whose torture has already taken a toll of millions and twisted and crippled the lives of millions more. . . . And if you still shy away from the word itself, think of it as being associated with wrath—righteous wrath, wrath that burns down deep within us against fantastic cruelty on a worldwide scale.

In sum, I do not see that it is any worse to hate a man than it is to kill him. I wish it were possible to fight this war without hate. Even more, I wish it were possible to wage war without fighting. But these are the inevitables of reality that have to be faced.

NORMAN COUSINS.
New York, N. Y.

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TRADE Winds

THE BOOK BUSINESS for the past several weeks has been simply phenomenal, and the totals would have been even more startling had the publishers been able to produce new editions in time to supply the demand. The head of one firm greeted me cheerily at the Plaza last week and told me that he has no less than six books on the current *Tribune* best-seller list. Then his face fell. "I might as well add," he said, "that five of them are out of stock!" I asked Nick Wreden how Scribner's Book Store was handling the rush. "We open the doors at nine," said Nick, "and jump out of the way!" . . . When "They Were Expendable" was chosen as the first *Imperative,* Harcourt Brace adopted a new theme song: "I am dreaming of a W. L. White Christmas." . . . Stanley Young, editor of Harcourt, Brace, has written a play that will be produced by Alfred de Liagre, Jr., with Roland Young in the leading role. It's a comedy called "Ask My Friend, Sandy," and it concerns a young soldier, a book publisher, and his wife. . . . The last play about the book business that hit Broadway was something called "Ask Miss Swan" by the Spewacks, and it closed after one disastrous week. We felt just as badly about it as the Spewacks because we supplied the props for the first act setting. We hope Mr. Young will have better luck! . . .

THE *Book-of-the-Month Club News* looks mighty handsome in its new dress. Hereafter each issue will feature a full-color reproduction of an art masterpiece on the cover. The typography has also been spruced up. This is the handiwork of Harry Abrams, so modest that it has taken publishers all these years to realize that he is one of the greatest book designers and layout men in the industry. The *News* now has a circulation of over 550,000, which is slightly larger than that of the *S.R.L.* . . . A Yale professor was fulminating recently over a decree of the Office of War Information. "Never," he declared, "has so much been withheld from so many by so few!" . . .

IN THE MIDST of our Christmas shopping we skirted a throng in quest of technical books at a big department store one day last week. As we passed, we heard one learned looking party ask for "that acetyline book." "Acetyline torches?" inquired the clerk. "No. Acetyline Cyclopedia Britannica," answered the customer. We didn't catch his name, but it certainly could have been Mr. Ben Huebsch of the Viking Press.

THE NEW EDITOR of the American branch of the Oxford University Press is Harry Hatcher, born and bred at Knopf's and the *New Yorker,* and husband of Harcourt's Doris Schneider, the lucky stiff. We are curious to know what Oxford's venerable traditions will do to Harry, and vice versa. Ford Madox Ford once explained why it took the New York branch of Oxford so long to make up its mind about anything. "They must await instructions from the home office," said the exasperated Mr. Ford. "These instructions are given to a boy of eight, who closes his jaws on them, dog fashion, and starts swimming across the Atlantic. Adverse winds occasionally delay him." Of course, that was before the regimes of Paul Willert and Philip Vaudrin. Presumably, Hatcher's new assignment means that he will no longer take possession of our swivel chair, with his feet draped over our desk, but one can't be sure of anything these days. Weekends, Mr. Hatcher is a gentleman farmer in the Flemington, or Carl Brandt, country. One Saturday he was entertaining a neighbor and her six year old son, when a plane buzzed by overhead. "It's the mail plane," explained Hatcher, seeking to keep the lad amused. "It passes over here every day at this time." The boy nodded silently. A few moments later, Hatcher left the room for something, and heard the youngster say to his mother, "It was really a P-37, but why not let the poor fish have his fun." . . .

JOHN HADFIELD, whose "At Random" column has been one of the delightful features of the *London Bookseller* for the past five years, is off to active service in the Middle East. He concludes his last column—at least until the Case of the Folding Fuehrer is cleared up—with a few lines from Gibbon that are so appropriate and so typical of what any author must feel when he writes "finis" to a magnum opus that we reprint them here:

> It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a berceau, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom. . . . But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion.

Our portable office radio conveyed the news that Peeugh Laval was engaged in another exhaustive conference with Hitler. That reminded a visiting Pittsburgh bookseller of the story of the man who reported "I listened things over thoroughly with my wife last night." Asked if we could mention his name, he blanched with terror. "I'll double my whole order if you don't," he quavered. "My own wife reads your column." . . . Noel Coward's superb "In Which We Serve" opens at the Capitol Theatre on Thursday, December 24. It is the story, with a few fictional trim-

"Couldn't we rent the L. A. County Jail for our writers?"

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mings, of Lord Mountbatten and his destroyer, *H.M.S. Kelly,* torpedoed twice in the North Sea, and finally sunk off the island of Crete. In many respects, we consider it the finest motion picture we have ever seen. . . .

FARRAR AND RINEHART'S "Rivers of America" series has grown to imposing proportions. This season's additions, including Harry Hansen's "The Chicago," Henry Beston's "The St. Lawrence," and August Derleth's "The Wisconsin," bring the total to twenty-one. Many a wounded soul, however, is left to feel that his own particular mill stream has been grossly neglected, and the mounting number of outraged complaints from dinky Chambers of Commerce prompted Stephen Vincent Benét to pen this Ballade Irregular of Rivers Unbooked:

Tell me now in what hidden way is
The Owhyee and the Upper Pelly?
Or where the flow of the San Josè is
Sunk like Jonah in the whale's belly?
From the Porcupine to the Androscoggin,
From Saline River to Thunder Run,
They keep perplexing my ancient noggin,
The Rivers that we haven't done.

Professor Peapod knows the Bad
And Mrs. J. H. Gumbo writes
She is so mad about the Mad
It hardly lets her sleep of nights,
She knows the old historic sights,
And writing must be dandy fun!
O letters F.&R. endites
On rivers that we haven't done!

We seek them out with care and strain
And those we publish, those we glory in,
But then there comes the cry of pain
From some God damn county historian.
"Why did you leave the Sheepdip out?
Are there no beauties on the Bun?"
—They swim about my head like trout,
The rivers that we haven't done.

ENVOI

Princes, the Series flows and flows,
Like Mississippi in the sun,
And yet—the best will still be those
The rivers that we haven't done
. . .

WE ENJOYED THE PRIVILEGE of dining one evening last week with a high government official just returned from a mission to North Africa, a dignitary of the State Department, a doughty Colonel, and the author of a Pulitzer Prize Play. Knowing how many people like to hear the inside gossip that is retailed at gatherings of this sort, we jotted down on a scrap of note-paper everything that was said from 9:42 to 9:44 P.M.

"I met a little girl from Detroit today," said the gent from the State Department. "She was a Junior Mich."

"I come from Portland," confided the Colonel, "and I don't know what you Maine."

"That darn beggar from St. Paul bothered me again this morning," mused the playwright. "You know, the one they call Minna the Moocher."

"Gentlemen," spoke up the diplomat from our new front in Africa, "you are making me decidedly Chicago, Ill."

So help us, that was the conversation, word for word. . . .

The Colonel also remarked that the presence in Washington of a lot of paunchy, middle-aged business men all dressed up as rear admirals, generals, and what not, reminded him of a story about a well-known Broadway character named Sam. Some years ago he bought a sea-going launch, and thought it fitting that he should dress himself in a blue serge suit with brass buttons and a white peaked cap. Thus adorned, he burst in on his mother and called "Hey, mom, get a load of me! I'm a captain now!" His mother inspected him with a critical eye. "Look, Semmy," she said. "By you, you're a captain. By me, you're a captain. But by captains, Semmy, you ain't no captain!" . . .

BENNETT CERF.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

SEE THE BIRDIE?

Quoted below are selections from the works of ten famous poets on the subject of birds. How many of them do you recognize? Allowing 10 points for each poet correctly named, a score of 50 is par, 60 is good, 70 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 22.

1. Better than all measures
   Of delightful sound,
   Better than all treasures
   That in books are found,
   Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

2. Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
   Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
   Up the hill side; and now 'tis buried deep
   In the next-valley-glades:
   Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
   Fled is that music: — do I wake or sleep?

3. Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
   And Phoebus 'gins arise,
   His steeds to water at those springs
   On chaliced flower that lies. . . .

4. What bird so sings, yet does so wail?
   O, 'tis the ravish'd nightingale —
   Jug, jug, jug, jug — tereu — she cries,
   And still her woes at midnight rise.

5. 'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
   And the owls have awakened the crowing cock,
   To-whit! — Tu — whoo!
   And hark, again! the crowing cock,
   How drowsily it crew.

6. Modest and shy as a nun is she;
   One weak chirp is her only note;
   Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
   Pouring boasts from his little throat.

7. While the cock with lively din
   Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
   And to the stack on the barn door
   Stoutly struts his dames before.

8. He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
   Close to the sun in lonely lands,
   Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.
   The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls:
   He watches from his mountain walls,
   And like a thunderbolt he falls.

9. Behold, within the leafy shade,
   Those bright blue eggs together laid!
   On me the chance-discovered sight
   Gleamed like a vision of delight.

10. Bird of the amber beak,
    Bird of the golden wing!
    Thy dower is thy carolling;
    Thou hast not far to seek
    Thy bread, nor needest wine
    To make thy utterance divine.

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In the "We-or-They" Tradition

AMERICA IS AMERICANS. By Hal Borland. New York: Harper & Bros. 1942. 126 *pp.* $1.75.

OUR FIGHTING FAITH. By J. Bryant Conant. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 1942. 105 *pp.* $1.25.

OUR SIDE IS RIGHT. By Ralph Barton Perry. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 1942. 153 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by THOMAS I. COOK

AMERICA is Americans, and unity of immediate objectives has provided a basis for their expressing an extraordinary diversity of viewpoints. As never before, we have become aware of our traditions, our institutions, our energy, our power, and our responsibilities. Agreed on a program of action, delivered from sterile debate on unreal issues, we are examining, with an intensity of heart-searching long absent from our public life, into the essential meaning of long accepted dogmas, especially democracy, freedom, and Americanism. The works here reviewed admirably portray the range of resultant insights.

Borland, whose war poetry is dominantly a rhythmic, effective, moving prose, sings in praise of American virtues, of a tough courage, of a boastfulness which makes good its boasts, and of an instinct of craftsmanship. At times he borrows the measures of Masefield; while imperialists will find in him an American version of Kipling and Newbolt. More obviously, he is reminiscent of Whitman and his glorification of energized democracy, and of Sandburg, with his understanding of the sweat and dynamism of our industrial society. He loves the regions and peoples of America, and his pleasure in our place-names recalls Thomas Wolfe. All through runs an emphasis on the war effort, a statement of the reality of morale, and a conviction of triumph through American character and sacrifice. Prideful in his continental patriotism, and praising warrior virtues, he yet looks forward to arts of peace, when men may in security use their thews and sinews, physical, intellectual, moral, for the fulfilment of independent personality, the essence of America's living tradition.

That tradition is the theme of President Conant's speeches. Afraid that Americans may not realize how essentially novel their system was, he urges them, awakened, to preserve its insights and principles in the different and difficult world of today. Granted the novelty, and even the superiority, of the American way of life, one would have preferred to see President Conant treat our society as the heir of Europe, developing its highest aspirations as she herself was unable to do, and, out of the opportunities provided by a new continent, discovering implications thereof to which Europeans as a whole were blinded by the accumulated burdens of history and geography. For the cultural isolationism which Conant desires, to be welcomed as that cultural declaration of independence long since urged by Emerson, is only less dangerous than political isolationism itself if it means a rejection for the future of all alien influences and borrowing.

Nevertheless, the essence Conant distills from our history is a noble one. As an educator, Conant, while urging aristocracy in terms of character and culture, is concerned to destroy stratification based on professional competences, years of education, or the possession of diplomas. Above all, he emphasizes the present limitations of our boasted equality of educational opportunity, and urges the injustices, and the wastes of talent in terms both of immediate skill in war and of ultimate reconstruction, of our officer-training programs, which give class privilege to those economically able to enter college. This general philosophy is not new. But the espousal of such a position by a Harvard president is a persuasive antidote to cynicism and encourages hope for the future of human freedom.

Hal Borland

Ralph Barton Perry

Human freedom is Professor Perry's fundamental concern. Yet, though in this book he reveals America's ethical insight at its best, the "our side" whose rightness he proclaims is no narrow matter of "we" or "they." As befits a philosopher, he is concerned with values universal and eternal. He writes of them in a prose combining economy, restraint, and directness with a driving tempo. He insists that there are moral values, universal and rational; that they are the product of the Roman, Christian, and liberal traditions; that democracy is the realization of the best therein; that beyond its specific institutions, its insistence on both man's dignity and his limitations is its fundamental meaning; that Nazism is a complete denial and rejection of all this; that, if we accept the antithesis in thought, we cannot be practically indifferent; that, though peace is the corollary of humanity, and war may by the emotions its arouses corrupt, we have to march boldly and fight convincedly in this crusade against the powers of darkness; that, with the future of civilization at stake, we must not fear to be propagandists for the right, but in the resultant ideological warfare, we must use our full armory of weapons, undeterred by a suicidal tolerance of the enemies of the very purpose of human existence. Professor Perry speaks as conscience militant, and, in chapters which use reasoned argument for support of a fighting creed, demonstrates that the highest grounds are at once the most persuasive call to action and the best insurance that that action shall not be in vain.

To take the three works here reviewed as representing conflicting viewpoints would be very simple. Yet to oppose positions is here to create issues, to divide those who can work together, and today must work together if we are not to risk defeat even before victory on the battlefield. The three writers differ indeed in their immediate purposes, in their emphasis, and, no doubt, in the range of their sympathies and interests. Yet all are concerned with man and his personality; with the conditions of free, democratic society which will allow all men, as human beings rather than brutes, to realize and express their energies and insights. That, I think, is the issue transcending all others.

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The Chetnik Brigades

SERGEANT NIKOLA. By István Tamás. New York: L. B. Fischer Publishing Corporation. 1942. 311 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

THE novelist who wants to do his bit as a writer in the war must sacrifice the psychological detail as well as the richness of a multi-articulate construction and many another precious epical element.

István Tamás, a Hungarian author and journalist who lived until recently in the Balkans, has chosen for his narrative of the Yugoslav guerrilla war the form of a diary in letters. The letters are written by Sergeant Nikola, a young Serbian student with the guerrilla troops of Draja Mihailovich, and they are addressed to his mother (killed without his knowledge in a Nazi bombardment) in care of the narrator of the story, an American writer, stranded at Belgrade a few days before the outbreak of the Yugoslav crisis in March, 1941, and remaining there until August, 1942.

The idea of a guerrilla fighter writing, in a Nazi-occupied country, letters with detailed narratives of chetnik battles and ruses, might at first flush seem highly unreal and inappropriate in a story dealing with this grimmest of all wars. But István Tamás begins his book with the explicit declaration that it is a "Once upon a time"-tale, "not a horror story, not a smuggled diary, nor a collection of reports dealing with sadists" but "the story of a struggling romantic people amidst romantic surroundings." Thus he insures his work against historical, geographical, sociological objections, in fact against any realistic criticism. How is it possible that the American narrator who does not talk Serbian, converses freely with the people of Belgrade? Why, it is a tale, and in a tale everything is possible. Young King Peter never played the melodramatic part ascribed to him by Mr. Tamás? Well, in romantic stories kings have to play melodramatic roles. But why is Mihailovich made a general even before the outbreak of the war, and Nedich a Quisling premier two months before the Germans ordered him to form a puppet government? Because in a legend neither historical dates nor geographical locations have to correspond with reality.

There is nothing to be said against the poetical freedom of a legend teller. But it is certainly fair to question the wisdom of a method of war novel writing such as Mr. Tamás has employed —a method combining news-reporting and fairy tale, current history and melodrama.

IT MAY be the "holiday season"— but war needs the wires that you used to use for Christmas calls.

Long Distance lines are loaded with urgent messages. Extra lines can't be added because copper and other materials are needed for the war.

So — this Christmas please don't make any Long Distance calls to war-busy centers unless they're vital.

WAR CALLS COME FIRST

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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Men Who Run the World

MEN BEHIND THE WAR. By Johannes Steel. New York: Sheridan House. 1942. 447 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by
SQUADRON LEADER MURRAY HARRIS

THESE excellent pen-potraits throw the spotlight on to the leading personalities of the world drama, one after the other, and in so doing dispel the shadows from many a dark corner on the backstage. For instance, the British trend to an enlightened socialism of the well-proved and successful Scandinavian type is clearly shown by Mr. Steel's portraits of British leaders, and particularly of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Churchill and Cripps are an open book to us all. The author failed to point out however that Churchill is growing in stature year by year, and withal mellowing. "Christ and carrots" Cripps can only be fully understood, when it is realized that he is a sincere socialist, though belonging to a wealthy family with many aristocratic connections. Of Wavell, the complete general, Mr. Steel omits to mention the great affection and esteem he inspires in all ranks under his command, and which make of this brilliant soldier-scholar a natural leader of men. The author calls *Truth* a scurrilous sheet because of its attack on J. B. Priestley; *Truth* has been a symbol of respectability in journalism for fifty or maybe one hundred years; so the censure will slide off this institution's back like water off a duck.

Elsewhere it is equally easy to follow national trends from the author's brilliant portraiture of leading men. He makes it clear that France was beaten long before September, 1939 in giving us a deplorable picture of French public life. Pétain belonged to the Cagoule, and so too did many of the high-ranking officers of the army; the eternal tug-of-war between totalitarian reaction and a sick republicanism undermined the structure of the whole body politic.

Mr. Steel calls Hitler a bloodthirsty mystic, Goering an affable butcher; the Nazi Party is the natural refuge of all the misfits and the Gestapo far surpasses the puny achievements of the Inquisition. He rightly points out that a skeleton army, such as was permitted after Versailles, would be the seed from which the plant would grow once more. He cites a group of "willful men" headed by Henry Cabot Lodge, Hiram Johnson, and William E. Borah as being the sponsors of Hitler, in that they were responsible for the first breach of the Versailles Treaty in engineering the Senate's refusal to ratify Wilson's signature. Germany, he avers, must become a decentralized Confederation with pre-1915 frontiers, and Prussia divided into three or four separate units. This is a good blue-print for peace.

Mr. Steel writes throughout of prominent Russians as likable human beings; in fact he makes of them the most sympathetic figures in the book; from this, a kindlier image of the bogey of Communism emerges. He pays particular tribute to the realism of Stalin and the prophetic vision of Litvinoff. He forgets however, in talking of "atheistic Russia," that the Soviet officially recognized the Lutheran Church as early as 1924, and that the membership of this and other Churches has increased with phenomenal rapidity, owing to the activity of the Evangelical Alliance and other organizations from North America; it is said that there were as many as 10,000,000 Baptists in Russia at the beginning of the war. The Archbishop of Canterbury found in the Russian experiment a true and simple application of Christian principles to the daily life of the masses, and this authoritative statement should do much to dispel the stigma of atheism, which has been so sedulously applied to the Soviet.

Johannes Steel

The main impression gathered from Mr. Steel's Chinese potraits is that for the first time in its age-old history China has found unity; for the first time too, the Chinese pattern becomes less involved for the reader; it appears to be almost a matriarchal triumvirate or rather triummulierate, headed by the Soong sisters.

On India, the author is not so well informed; he omits to mention the time spent in Japan by Bose; he is too intelligent to subscribe to the popular outcry for a panacea for the solution of the world's most intricate political problem; he decries British methods, but does give us an impartial picture of the resistance of Moslem and Untouchable minorities to Hindu rule.

Of Italy, he says nothing new, but only gives added zest to the ridicule with which the world regards the deflated bullfrog and his playboy pimp of a son-in-law, whom the author accuses of belonging to the "Black aristocracy."

In Spain, the Falange has favored the Axis throughout; we are told that Axis submarines use Vigo harbor and that the Philippine Falange received a decoration for fifth column work in favor of the Japs. Elementary caution alone keeps Spain out of the lists.

The distorted moral sense of the Japanese is clearly shown—brigandry appears to be their main article of faith and the military clique their doctrinarians.

This book is a valuable work of reference. There is a wealth of apposite detail, and some not so apposite, for who cares where Quisling and Monsignor Tiso got their schooling? Throughout the author shows an astonishing assiduity in research, which deserves to be duly rewarded.

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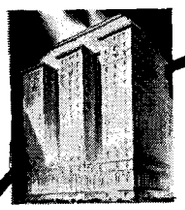

GUY LOMBARDO and His Orchestra in the ROOSEVELT GRILL
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From A to Izzard—and Beyond

THE ALPHABET, AND ELEMENTS OF LETTERING. By Frederic W. Goudy. Berkeley: University of California Press. 1942. $6.

"BLACK LETTER" TEXT. By S[tanley] M[orison]. Cambridge, England: Cambridge University Press. 1942. 100 *copies.* $12.50.

ROMAN NUMERALS, TYPOGRAPHIC LEAVES AND POINTING HANDS. By Paul McPharlin. New York: The Typophiles. 1942.

Reviewed by CARL P. ROLLINS

I KNOW of no more appropriate times than these to bring out a book on the alphabet. The alphabet has come into its own: no longer do letters have to be combined into words to establish their usefulness, but from the "A" on the windshield to the "WPB" which orders our lives the cryptic, mystic symbols stand alone in a primitive vigor unknown since Cadmus's day. So, a nation increasingly conscious of these twenty-six arbitrary signs may profitably consider their shapes and patterns for their proportions, symmetry, and beauty alone.

During the last war, one of our greatest adepts in the construction of the alphabet, Frederic W. Goudy, wrote a book called "The Alphabet," which had a considerable vogue. His knowledge of the shape of letters was immense. As a type designer he had made innumerable forms for use in printing, until he became recognized as our foremost type designer. Now, in this, our second great war, he has made extensive revisions and additions in a volume issued by the University of California Press. The new edition contains also Mr. Goudy's other book, "The Elements of Lettering."

Mr. Goudy was once asked how he designed a letter. To this simple but shattering question he replied with the candor and evasion of a master that he thought of a shape and then drew a line around it! That is all true enough, but behind such engaging simplicity there lies a vast fund of knowledge of what shapes letters have taken in the course of their long history through Greece, and Rome, the Europe of Charlemagne and Dürer.

What was one of the best features of the earlier book is retained in this—the presentation on twenty-seven large plates of seven capital and eight lower case letters redrawn from historic alphabets. (The twenty-seventh plate is devoted to those poor relations of the alphabet, the ampersand and the numerals.) Roman and black-letter forms are shown, illustrating the peculiar qualities of such familiar names as "Bodoni" and "Caslon" and italic letters, "serifs" and "cat's-ears," "stems" and "hair-lines," and all the minutiae of letter design. These plates alone are invaluable for the student of the alphabet.

The book is a large quarto of over a hundred pages, printed in a large size of one of Mr. Goudy's most successful type designs, and is recommended to all students, and in particular to art schools, architectural schools, mechanical draftsmen and sign painters—all of whom, Heaven knows, need it.

More about "Black Letter." The black-letter form of the alphabet has always had a peculiar charm, possibly because it is not in current use for a text letter save in Hitler's Germany. But it has beauty and comeliness, and a background as rich as the lower-case roman letters at least. A fine study of its history recently came out of England, from the hand of Mr. Stanley Morison, an authority on all chirographic forms—and black-letter is more obviously a pen letter than the roman. Mr. Morison had prepared this treatise as a chapter in a book on the history of letters, to be published by the Harvard University Press. One chapter had been sent to America; another, the present monograph, alone survived a German bombing attack on London. It has been printed in an extremely limited edition at the Pitt Press in Cambridge (England) as a post folio pamphlet of forty pages, elaborately illustrated with examples of black-letter forms both chirographic and typographic. These examples are comforting to the lover of old ways, and of value to the palaeographer.

After Izzard. The Typophiles, that "little group of enthusiasts who revolve around Paul Bennett," have been responsible for the publication of several unusual volumes, two of which may well be included in this review. The first, issued in 1936 under the title "Diggings from many Ampersandhogs," is devoted to everything about the "&," including its picture in innumerable guises. The most recent issue by the Typophiles is a miscellany given over to roman numerals, typographic leaves, and pointing hands.

There is not much reason for including a treatise on roman numerals in connection with florets and fists, but Mr. McPharlin's essay is well worth while because it has much to say of the origin and use of these diabolical numerals. How many attitudes the fist may assume is unsuspected until one sees them here displayed. Oh well, one cannot "review" a book of this sort; but if you like the odd and the fanciful, here is a little fistful worth having.

André Maurois

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

"No autobiography of our day has been written with more literary skill, more dignity, more honesty than this great and modest Frenchman's."
—Fanny Butcher, *Chicago Tribune*

"A fascinating book which reads like a novel. It is the noblest French spirit that speaks."—Katherine Woods, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

"Many readers will find Maurois had many problems akin to their own and may receive some comfort and guidance in solving them."—R. H. Gailey, *Portland Telegram*

"Indescribably moving... modesty, tender humor... delicacy ... presents a generous sampling of unusually shrewd judgments on men and events."
—R. Ellis Roberts, *Saturday Review*

"Brings the France of other days vividly and tenderly to mind... a delightful book to browse through."—Graham Bates, *Book-of-the-Month Club News.* $3.00

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Compiled by
GLADYS DUDLEY LINDNER
Stanford University Press

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The Phoenix Nest

This Withering World

MY text: Mr. Witherow
and the *Status Quo*.

After this War's hiatus,
No change from the *Status Quo!*
That which is invested
though it may get congested
is sacred and vested.
Any change will be protested
by Mr. Witherow
with "No, no, no, no, no, no,
No!
Don't change the *Status Quo!*"

No?
Is that so,
Mr. Witherow?

"Don't try any leverage!
Don't take that Beveridge!
Don't attempt TVA on the Danube or
Po!
Don't cheer that misbegotten tot!
Don't give that Hottentot
an ice-cream soda!
Stick to the Coda!
Save the White Man's soul!
No Government Control!
Now possibly you may think me empirical,
but modern American manufacturing
under our absolutely perfect system
of old-fashioned free enterprise
is not a minor but a major
miracle!"

(I nearly bogged, den!
Excuse it, Ogden!)

"Rationing, renegotiation,
twenty-five thousand dollars
(Just small-change for shirts and collars!)
limitation,
anti-trust suits, questionnaires,
NLRB and its affairs,
this persecution of millionaires,
all make NAM vent her sighs—
and the managing of private enterprise
for the duration!
Holy, holy, holy private enterprise,
God save it to our Nation!"

(Hibbs,
use bibs—
don't be sloppy!
Post,
don't boast—
just follow copy!)

"Any ceiling on initiative
is vitiative
of every fundamental human right,"
cries our Mental Colossus, heaving, grieving,
and finding his collar much too tight.
"A Government that would share the wealth
would undermine the public health,
to what wild lengths would they *not* go!

My God!" cries Mr. Witherow.
"No, no, one thousand times no!"

Here Mr. Witherow pauses to catch his breath,
having quite naturally been appalled by contemplating
a series of disasters considerably worse than death.
His breath is bating . . .

Then, faintly, *"No, ah no!"*
the choked sobs come from Mr. Witherow
while he is waiting . . .

There's something stills
the heart, and fills
the eyes with mist,
at sight of a great big broken industrialist!

Save Mr. Witherow's world, Oh save it!
God gave it
to Mr. Witherow . . .
He doesn't want any other nations in it,
not for a minute,
No, No!
He hates rations
and the League of Nations—
and commerce of the future through the air
is really no fair!
Home on the range
should be absolutely impervious to change!
He likes his world, the pride of it, and the pelts,
and he isn't one bit interested in anything else!
He doesn't care
what in thunder, after this, they do Over There.
Let them do their worst!
He puts America First . . .

Pull out all those stops! Let the *fortissimo* blast
all those who in or out of season
appeal to reason
and, Q. E. D., put America Last!
They are vulgarians,
and, when you come right down to it, just no better
than proletarians!

Mr. Witherow wants a world where very few deal
with the New Deal—
in fact *any*
is too many.

So aren't you ashamed—you and the mean old Fates—
for trying to take away what every one knows
is Mr. Witherow's
United States!

O,
that is all I have the heart to say
today
of Mr. Witherow
and the *Status Quo* . . .
though actually I feel very much like Dante
about this venerable,
emotional,
notional,
but not always negotiable
Status Quo Ante!

Lowell, and Liberty

Our neighbor in this periodical, Elizabeth V. Kingsley, comments upon the fact that, in "A Treasury of Great Poems," Louis Untermeyer has omitted James Russell Lowell's name from American poets while including Bryant, Whittier, Emerson, etc. All anthologists have their special likes and dislikes. To us, Lowell accomplished no inconsiderable feat in "The Biglow Papers." Some day they will be "rediscovered." They are such brilliant literary journalism as no one can touch today. They also anticipated Robert Frost in making use of the colloquial in much more than a mere "writing in dialect" fashion. The Commemoration Ode, also, has many fine passages; and it has been almost completely forgotten that Lowell was one of our most consistent and fiery poets of human freedom. "The Fatherland" is defective as poetry, certainly; but, if we may hark back to the opening of this column today, it expresses a somewhat more comprehensive view than the one upon which we chose to comment. It's good to quote it today:

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another,—
Thank God for such a birthright, brother!—
That spot of earth is thine and mine!
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

Conservative old Boston family the Lowells! Yes? They happened to develop one of the most rebellious fighters for poetry in our own time, an astronomer of considerable imagination, and, in James Russell Lowell a writer who was never afraid to speak out, in no uncertain terms, for what he believed to be right. Over and above that, his conception of Freedom was anything but static and hidebound:

We are not free: Freedom doth not consist
In musing with our faces toward the Past,
While petty cares, and crawling interests, twist
Their spider-threads about us, which at last
Grow strong as iron chains, to cramp and bind
In formal narrowness heart, soul, and mind.
Freedom is recreated year by year,
In hearts wide open on the Godward side . . .

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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WHAT THE WAR HAS DONE TO BOOKS AND VICE VERSA

(*Continued from page* 5)

services, which have taken the matter of training literature under more serious advisement since the days when a ranking general of the army declared: "No, we don't want manuals a cilivian can understand. When a man is in the army it's his business to learn military language." A good many of the army manuals are holdovers from those incredible days, but they are being subjected to a gradual weeding process, and there is evidence of a new spirit in such works as the army's "Arctic Manual" and "Jungle Manual," which are not only comprehensible to any recruit, but also quite well worth reading as literature by persons who have no intention of going to Kiska or Guadalcanal.

The excellent "What the Citizen Should Know—" series is another example; intended for civilians, but being used by soldiers and sailors to find out about the other's service and to teach recruits about their own. For another, take "Winged Warfare" and "The Army Flier," by Arnold and Eaker—it has been a long time since two ranking generals on active service found leisure to collaborate in explaining to the general public what they were doing. Neither is there any precedent for such articles as those of Admiral Belknap in "Sea Power," Admiral Hart in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and Admiral Rowcliff in *United States News* explaining the strategy and technical developments of a naval war that is still in progress.

On the army side the work of the admirals is paralleled by the excellent books of Colonel Thompson ("Modern Battle," "Engineers in Battle") and by some of the anonymous handbooks ("How the Jap Army Fights," "Americans Vs. Germans"), technical in the best sense, the work of sound military observers, produced under the official aegis, yet quite readable enough to be sold over the counter. So is another training manual, Yank Levy's now-famous "Guerilla Warfare," which has on more than one occasion set perfectly nice suburban ladies negotiating the living-room carpet with a table-knife in one hand, looking for German sentries.

Even the "background books" of today belong essentially in the technical classification. In 1916 people read the vague adumbrations of André Chéradame about a Pan-German plot; today they are getting—and liking—such works as the Gauvreau-Cohen and Levine biographies of Billy Mitchell, Morison's "Admiral Sims" and Bernard Brodie or the Sprouts on naval strategy. All of them assume an amount of technical information on the part of the reader that would have made us gasp in World War I. The point is that the reader of World War II has this information or is willing to acquire it.

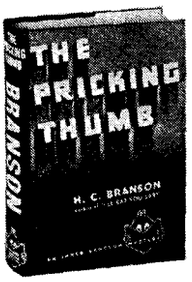
OR consider the most striking example of all, because it has a World War I ancestor—"Private Hargrove." On the surface he is the only son of the private who addressed his letters

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER BY THE YARD *Margaret Tayler Yates* (Macmillan: $2.50)	Davvie McLean and her friends, both in and out of Navy, tangle with Jap plotters on eve of Pearl Harbor.	Remarkably effective yarn of Hawaii before Jap air raid which moves speedily to smash climax on Dec. 7th, 1941.	Extra good
THE STOLEN SQUADRON *Charles L. Leonard* (Crime Club: $2.)	New planes and pilots vanish from Conn. plant, baffling authorities. Hardboiled sleuth Kilgerrin gets to bottom of it.	Rapidly moving and bountifully exciting—if not too convincing—tale of Nazi devotees who stopped at nothing.	Good thriller
MURDER GOES ROLLING ALONG *H. F. S. Moore* (Crime Club: $2.)	Two slayings at southern army camp unraveled by handsome Provost Marshal Peters.	Emotional tangles of officers and wives thoroughly ventilated. Army "atmosphere" veracious, sleuthing adequate.	Competent
A BODY FOR BILL *Ione Sandberg Shriber* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Sabotage and murder in Akron rubber factory doing war-work satisfactorily cleared up by Detective Bill Grady.	Interesting picture of busy war-industry town and its workmen. Nicely dovetailed plot and some agreeable characters.	Average

Last year, this column announced the publication of H. C. BRANSON'S first mystery with the startling news that it had gone to press without a single editorial change. Therefore, with the publication of MR. BRANSON'S second book, *The Pricking Thumb*, uncompromising honesty compels us to admit that the author revised two pages at our suggestion. *The Pricking Thumb* is now, we believe, quite perfect.



Ingredients are a triple murder, scandalmongering, and mental torture—all meticulously sleuthed by private investigator JOHN BENT. Our own awed admiration for BENT'S Superior Type Brainwork is shared by many of the more knowing critics. The austere New York *Herald Tribune* called him "Big News," while the Boston *Herald* threw caution to the winds, and wrote: "JOHN BENT is brilliant."

Just in case it hasn't already occurred to you, note how shrewdly publication of this latest Inner Sanctum Mystery has been timed to fit in with your Christmas gift schedule. In addition to being brand new, *The Pricking Thumb* has the classic touch that will make your rich and eccentric aunt think that perhaps your taste is less debauched than she had previously suspected.

And while we're on the subject of Christmas gifts, we list, for your convenience and to jog your memories, a few other appropriate Inner Sanctum Mysteries:

For the impure in heart, *Mother Finds A Body*, by GYPSY ROSE LEE.

For the unshockable, *Passing Strange* by RICHARD SALE.

For practically anybody, *The Sunday Pigeon Murders* by CRAIG RICE.

In other words, if you have two bucks to invest and want anyone on your Christmas list to open your package and then remember you in his or her will, send

AN INNER SANCTUM MYSTERY
PUBLISHED BY SIMON AND SCHUSTER

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to Dere Mabel and filled them with the slapstick humors of the camps. But there is a difference in official attitude marking a profound difference in content. Any ranking officers who read Streeter's book in 1917 emitted a few chuckles and went back to their paper work. In 1942 Marion Hargrove was promptly drafted to the staff of *Yank,* the official army newspaper, and everyone from the rank of Lieutenant-General down began recommending his book to new recruits—not as a work of humor, but because it was the best available manual on how to get along in the army.

This represents a fundamental change of attitude in the direction of seeing the information necessary to be a soldier as something that can be more easily acquired through fun than through drudgery. Not all the top-ranking officers in the services hold that view yet, to be sure; but it is a tendency, it is growing, and in the end if this war does nothing else to American literature, it should produce a level of technical writing quite new in history.

The Amazing Bernhardt

THE FABULOUS LIFE OF SARAH BERNHARDT. By Louis Verneuil. Translated by Ernest Boyd. New York: Harper & Bros. 1942. 312 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

ON one of the later pages of this rather disarming tribute to a great lady of the stage, M. Verneuil warns his readers that, as a biographer, he is not entirely to be trusted. "I have tried," he notes gravely—and he is never light-minded—"to combine my duties as a historian with those of a grandson." He was for a time the husband of Bernhardt's grand-daughter, whom it is not hard to believe he married as a proxy for the object of his real adoration. As a grandson he has "strictly refrained from revealing anything in her life that was secret or, in any case, less official."

It is enough, at any rate, for M. Verneuil to tell the world, which should not be allowed too vulgarly close a contact with the holy of holies. The hem of the garment is enough for outsiders; a mere hint, which can hardly come as a surprise, that Sarah Bernhardt got around. Those who wish more details must find them in books by biographers who are not also step-grandsons; who are not authors of two of the last plays in which she appeared; who are, above all, inclined to regard the most famous of French actresses as if she were at least part woman, and not wholly goddess.

But you may read in M. Verneuil's book a good deal about her life and more about her greatness, although you may at times find it advantageous to do some of your reading between the lines. (You may desire, for example, to suspect that not all the frantic publicity which made her first American tour so curious a circus was forced on an innocent and unsuspecting Bernhardt. You may suspect that, in her rather numerous disagreements with a good many people, it was not always the other people who were difficult. You may even recall that some critics, including George Bernard Shaw, were not quite so convinced of her "greatness" as a "tragedian" as is M. Verneuil.)

There is little here, indeed, to guide those who, like this reviewer, never saw Mme. Bernhardt in a just appraisal of her stature as an actress. M. Verneuil uses terms casually—particularly the formidable term "great"—and is a little inclined to think that anything in which his heroine appeared must have been tragedy. This would include a great deal of Victorien Sardou as well as some of Racine and some of Victor Hugo. This would also include "La Dame aux Camelias" as well as "Hamlet," in which the great lady must indeed have been something. (During the players scene she crept up behind the king and suddenly shouted in his ear, no doubt scaring him practically off his throne.) It is notable that, with certain exceptions, her taste in plays deteriorated as her freedom to choose increased.

But however "great" she may have been, she was certainly amazing. M. Verneuil, who is so sternly limited by his grandfilial duty and who is also a little blinded by looking so adoringly at the sun, does not really tell a great deal about her—about the kind of person she was, about her relation to the times of which she was a part; he does not so much explain as, in the role of victim, exemplify, the almost incredible charm she must have had. Again, the reader must seek between the lines, since this is not really a very good book about a person who was, whatever else she may have been, one of the very special people of the theater—and of more than the theater.

The word "charm" is weak and wrong. But critics have for many years sought a better word and I do not know that they have found it. In the theater it is evident that Sarah Bernhardt was luminous; that she was one of those whose mere presence on the stage is exciting. This is an odd quality, not dependent upon acting technique, and almost all celebrated actors of both sexes have some of it. Katharine Cornell has part of that same quality; so has Tallulah Bankhead, and both would have it even if they were not also admirable actors. It is not peculiar to women; the late Osgood Perkins had, beyond his brilliant technique, something which made him unforgettable.

Sarah Bernhardt evidently had it. Louis Verneuil's book is a largely unconscious tribute to this. It is the book of a man who, meeting Bernhardt when she was seventy-five and had lost a leg, was utterly and irretrievably bowled over.

Sarah Bernhardt

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Shelley: To A Skylark.
2. Keats: To A Nightingale.
3. Shakespeare: Cymbeline.
4. Lyly: Song of Birds.
5. Coleridge: Christabel.
6. Bryant: Robert of Lincoln.
7. Milton: L'Allegro.
8. Tennyson: The Eagle.
9. Wordsworth: The Sparrow's Nest.
10. E. C. Stedman: The Songster.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 454)

ALFRED TENNYSON:
IN MEMORIAM
(CXVIII)

. . . . . Life is not as idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom,
.....
.....
And battered with the shocks of doom

To shape and use. Arise and fly
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.

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The Crostics Club

GEORGE A. Bates, Greeley, Col., in answer to my invitation for new words, sends me *cruzeiro* and *milreis*, the former, equivalent to about five cents, recently replacing, by decree of President Vargas, the latter in the currency of Brazil. The information is interesting, but I rarely use the table of coins in Webster's except for the monetary unit of a country-yen in Japan, for instance. Further, *z*'s are scarce and four vowels in such a word that takes care of *w* or *h* or *f* are a luxury!

Louise S. Hallock, Bogata, N. J., thus good-naturedly takes us to task: "Monday is *SRL* night and I have a lovely brain-wracking evening. But I finished No. 451 in 45 minutes without recourse to reference books and thus my nice long evening was spoiled." That's a doleful way of being thankful!

More than once I have been derided by my fellow-sisters for remarking that I always counted the masculine heads at any general gathering, as a sign of the virility of the cause. So with our DCs. I like to hear from hard-headed business men who keep up with the DC procession. Such a one is S. G. Reed, Houston, Texas, whose recent readable volume, "A History of the Texas Railroads," has elicited praise from civilians as well as R.R. executives. Mr. Reed does them without references and though "occasionally stumped by rare synonyms and proper names," he doesn't want them any easier. Some day Mr. Reed may come across those unusual words elsewhere and chuckle at his wisdom as I did with *euphoria*.

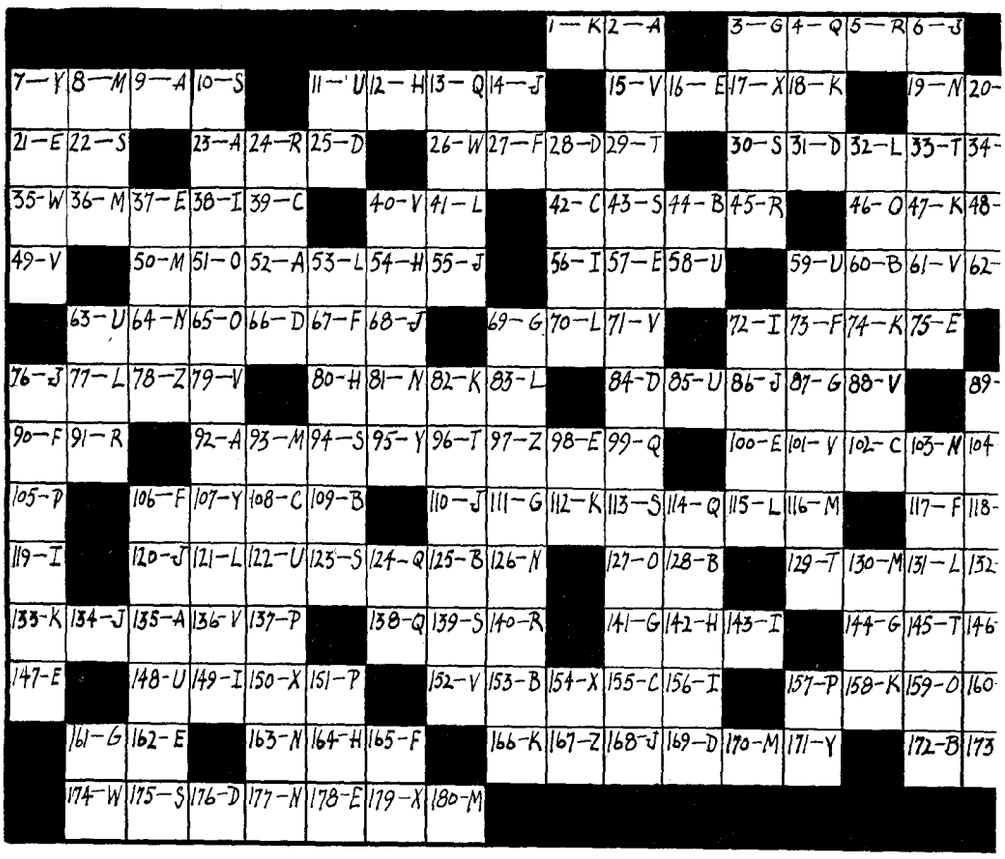
It happened thus: I chanced upon *euphoria* in Webster's and typed it at once into a DC. That evening, meeting a group discussing President Roosevelt in the light of the effect of infantile paralysis on his performances, I sat up perkily as a psychiatrist present said glibly, "It's a case of Euphoria, you know." Now in the November 4 issue of *The New Yorker* comes Ogden Nash with one of his contributions that add so much to the gaiety of individuals and nations, titled "No Doctors Today Thank You":

They tell me that *euphoria* is the feeling of feeling wonderful.
Well, today I feel euphorian
Today I have the agility of a Greek God and the appetite of a Victorian.

Kind people, don't think me purse-proud, don't set me down as vainglorious;
I'm just a little euphorious."

Talking of humorists, we are proud to number among our puzzlers Phyllis McGinley, another contributor to *The New Yorker*, like Ogden Nash. A relative of O. N. told me that he belonged to our group.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 455

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 22 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Mother of Athaliah (Bib.)

B. Money (slang—English).

C. An Englishman whose bequest established a national American Museum.

D. Actualities.

E. A seeker of knowledge.

F. Blood-red; sanguineous.

G. The theory and practice of exchange in commerce.

H. To execute by *impaling* on stakes (Hist.)

I. Any small house of cheap construction (So. Africa).

J. Wanting in manly aggressiveness.

K. A completely new fabric or fabrication (2 wds.)

L. Living again.

M. To gauge.

N. Pertaining to rivers or river navigation.

O. One who has attained the highest degree in an art or science (Irish Antiq.)

P. An American buried in the Kremlin.

Q. An expression of praise or thanks (Relig.)

R. Portending death or evil.

S. To disclaim.

T. A beautiful large leopardlike cat of Tibet.

U. To experience or be subjected to (2 wds.)

V. To utter a low chirping note (comp.)

W. An obligation, charge.

X. Founder of the English style of landscape gardening (1684-1748).

Y. Indian on a Reservation in S. E. Calif.

Z. A single person or thing.

WORDS

92 160 135 9 23 2 52

172 125 128 109 60 44 153

146 42 155 89 62 108 102 39

31 28 176 169 25 66 48 84

100 75 16 21 178 162 57 37 98 147

90 165 106 27 117 73 67

111 141 144 69 161 87 3

80 12 142 54 164

156 38 56 143 149 72 119 104

55 76 120 14 168 134 86 110 6 68

1 18 158 133 47 166 34 82 74 112

121 41 83 53 115 77 131 70 32

116 180 170 130 50 93 36 8

103 81 163 64 126 177 19

127 65 159 51 46 118

157 105 151 137

13 99 124 114 4 138

173 24 140 91 5 45

30 123 94 43 22 113 175 10 139

33 145 96 129 29

63 122 85 148 59 132 58 11

61 15 101 88 49 71 40 79 136 152

20 174 35 26

150 154 179 17

171 107 7 95

167 78 97

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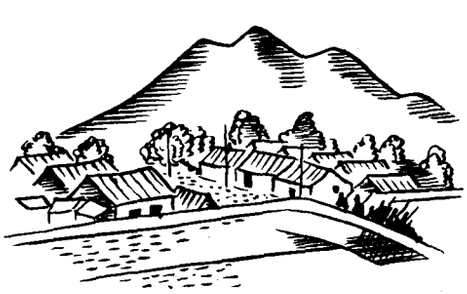

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